

The Brandon Mail.

VOL. 3.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1886.

NO. 31

The Weekly Mail

Is published every Thursday in time for the week-end. It contains all the news of the day, and is a full and complete record of all local, provincial and Dominion news. It is written by a full and complete staff of writers, and is a full and complete record of all local, provincial and Dominion news. It is written by a full and complete staff of writers, and is a full and complete record of all local, provincial and Dominion news.

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C. CLIFFE, Editor and Publisher.

LEGAL.

W. A. MACDONALD.

Barister, Attorney, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.

BRANDON, MANITOBA.

MONEY TO LOAN

Office—Near Imperial Bank, Rosser Ave.

DALY & COLDWELL.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.,

Solicitors for the Imperial Bank of Canada.

MONEY TO LOAN

Rosser Avenue, Brandon.

T. M. DALY, JR., GEO. R. COLDWELL.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON.

Baristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,

Rosser Avenue, Brandon.

Money to loan on improved farm property.

E. G. A. Henderson, H. E. Henderson.

RUSSELL & COOPER.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

Office—Presb. Loan and Savings Company.

Corner 7th & 8th St., Brandon.

J. R. RUSSELL, D. H. COOPER.

W. A. MACDONALD.

Barister, Solicitor, etc.,

Corner Rosser Ave. & Eleventh Street.

BRANDON.

MEDICAL.

DR. RICHMOND SPENCER.

M. D., C. M., M. G. H. P. S. Que.

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.

Office—Residence—Corner Rosser Ave. and

North Street, over old post office.

BRANDON.

DR. L. M. MORE.

Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur.

Office—Trinity University, Brandon, M.C.P.

and Ontario and Manitoba.

Office—Residence, Cor. Rosser & St. H. Block,

Cor. 9th and Rosser Streets.

BRANDON.

DR. R. WOODHULL, M.D., C.M.

Physician, Surgeon, & Accoucheur.

Office at Sec. 7, Tp. 9, R. 10.

BRANDON.

DENTAL.

F. E. DOERING.

Has for Painless Extraction of Teeth.

Office—Atkinson & Nation's store, M.C.P.

corner Rosser Avenue and 8th

Street, Brandon. Entrance on Rosser.

Gold filling a specialty.

DICKSON and BASTEDO,

DENTISTS.

Opposite Fleming's Drug Store.

Entrance on Rosser Avenue.

ORTHODONTICS ADMINISTERED FOR

PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

Office—Atkinson & Nation's store, M.C.P.

corner Rosser Avenue and 8th

Street, Brandon. Entrance on Rosser.

Gold filling a specialty.

A. F. & A. G. R. M.

Regular meeting of Brandon Lodge,

on the second Tuesday in each month.

Meeting brethren invited.

F. W. PETERS, W. Sec.,

A. L. MCILLAN, F. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

FRID. TORRANCE, B. A., V. S.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of McGill University, and of the Montreal Veterinary College.

Veterinarian for the Counties of Brandon and Dennis.

Office and Laboratory, Eleventh Street, Brandon.

R. P. MULLIGAN.

WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT.

Sixth Street, Brandon, Man.

Wanted!

1000 MEN for

the Rockies

APPLY IMMEDIATELY to

A. C. WELLS & CO.

Brandon.

Also Wanted

10,000 Bush. Potatoes

500 Bush. Onions.

ELTON L.O.L. No. 1501.

Meets WEDNESDAY, on or before Fall

Month at Two O'clock in Winter and

Seven in Summer, at the

ORANGE HALL.

—10—

VISITING BRETHREN CORDIALLY INVITED

William Muirhead, W.M.,

James Hoey, Rec. Sec.

ELTON P.O. No. 1501

L.O.L. No. 1501

Meets in their Hall, Plum Creek every Tuesday

on or before full moon.

VISITING BRETHREN CORDIALLY INVITED

J. YOUNG, W. M.

E. REID, Secretary.

G. A. D. CASSELS.

Bakers and Confectioners,

ROSSER AVE.,

BRANDON.

The Best in the Market Always on

hand at the Lowest Prices.

CAUTION.

I HEREBY caution the public against purchasing

or negotiating a promissory note of \$5, made about the

1st of June by F. A. McIntosh and G. T. Duncan,

in favor of E. Lewis, at 4 months, as no value has

been given for the same.

F. A. MCINTOSH.

MARVELOUS PRICES!

BOOKS FOR THE MILLION

Complete Novels and Other Works, by Famous Authors.

(Almost Given Away!)

The following books are published in great numbers from

many of the handsomely illustrated, and are

printed from good type upon good paper. The total

number of copies of each book is limited, and the

books are sold at the lowest possible price. The

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TOWN TOPICS

Mr. Daubney, late of the MAIL, is now on

the Medicine Hat Times.

Mr. W. Parrish is moving his residence on

the lot where the old Pacific hotel stood, which

will be a very pretty site.

Messrs. E. Hughes and Geo. Winters have

been gazetted J. P.'s. Judges will be as thick

as prairie chickens in this country in a little

time.

On Monday Mr. Greer sent a car load of

Canadian horses to points near Calgary, and

will doubtless realize a handsome figure on

them.

Mr. J. L. Campbell, of Sourisford, was in

the city Tuesday taking on his harness as

an enumerator. He is now as fat as Cole's

sea lion.

We are glad to learn that Leperance was

acquitted by his honor Judge Walker on Mon-

day, and we trust this will be a caution to him

for all time.

Two Plum Creekers had a free fight the

other day over a horse race, and they came to

Brandon to have the consequences adjusted.

Before engaging a Peak, however, they made

an amicable settlement.

Mr. A. C. Fraser now sports a very nice

photon, and he says it is only because he is

not a Parliamentary candidate that he can

afford it. The inference is that all candidates

have to put their spare dimes into votes.

It is whispered around that Donald is to be

come the divisional terminus of the C. P. R.,

and that the western workshops are to be lo-

cated there, and if this be so, that place is de-

termined to become a very important point on the

line.

We understand it is not true as reported in

our columns last week, that the Brandon

Lacrosse team had challenged the Invincibles

of Elton, to a game of baseball. The La-

crosse boys think it is better for them to stick

to the bridge that has carried them over.

Mr. A. Edmonds returned from Ontario on

Monday after an absence of seven weeks. He

brought with him a carload of the horses from

the county Wellington, which he now has for

sale. He says all wheat in that province

looks well, but spring wheat is a failure.

W. H. Greer has recently purchased two

thoroughbred stallions, Cologram and Gren-

adier, which he has shipped to Calgary, to-

gether with several driving horses. We regret to

say that stock raisers in this vicinity will lose

one of the best bred stallions, and surest foal

getters in Canada.

The circus left a number of bogus half dollar

silver pieces in the hands of Brandonites. The

man who sold the reserved seat tickets is said

to be the party who passed them. On Satur-

day Police Officer Foster, of this city, advised the

Winnipeg authorities of the fact, and they set

to work to look after the matter.

The bachelors' entertainment in the link on

Tuesday evening was a decided success, about

\$200 being realized at the door. It is needless

to say it was not run by the bachelors alone,

a number of ladies took part in it for consol-

ation purposes, and it is much to be hoped the

consolation will not end at that.

On Wednesday Mr. James McGregor,

brought in 200 bunches from the Lynch

ranch near Calgary. They were a fine lot of

animals, the best we believe, that has ever

been brought to the place. This makes 500

Mr. McGregor has brought in this summer,

and he has disposed of all after breaking them,

at Stanton, Boissevain and this place.

Two inches of snow fell in the state of New

Hampshire, on Monday last.

Lady McDonald laid the foundation of a

new Methodist school-house at Victoria, B. C.

on Tuesday last.

J. A. Mitchell is rusticated in Winnipeg. It

is to be hoped he will bring up an advanced

price for wheat with him.

Mr. T. C. Alcock, late of Carberry, had

two of his ribs fractured in a fall from a cow

at Vancouver, B. C., the other day.

Messrs. Trotter & Trotter brought in a car

load of very fine mares from Wingham, Ont.,

on Monday, and they are now offering them

for sale, at bargain prices.

Persons requiring schoolbooks for the re-

opening of the schools, cannot do better than

call at the MAIL office bookstore, one door

west of the postoffice. Remember we are

selling from 20 to 25 per cent cheaper than

any other house in the country.

Mr. Collins went to Montreal some days

since with a car load of hogs for his firm (An-

derson & Collins), and succeeded in making

some money out of them. Evidently it will be

but a year or so until Manitoba will be supply-

ing Ontario with most of the necessities of life.

We understand some new wheat has been

thrashed in the vicinity already this season,

and sales are expected this week, the price will

open at about 60cts, but is almost certain to

advance to 70 if not more as soon as the

season is properly opened. In other respects

there is but little doing in the market.

A run amongst the implement dealers se-

cures the information that as many reapers,

were not sold this year as last season, showing

that the farmers like the business men are

growing more careful. As the grain is lighter

than last year, and there has been as much

twine sold as before, it is an assurance that the

acreage sown is on the increase.

A meeting of the vice-presidents of the Dennis

Liberal-Conservative association was held

Tuesday in Virden. It was resolved, with the

approbation of Messrs. Frame and Sutherland,

to cancel the meeting called by them for the

10th inst. at Oak Lake and to call a general

meeting of the whole county for the same

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

PROJECT FOR FREIGHT TRAFFIC
ACROSS CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Inter-oceanic Ship Railway Scheme of Capt. Eads Which is Just Now Engaging the Attention of Congress—Steamships to Be Carried Over the Land.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—The problem of how best to transport vessels across Central America seems to be far from settlement as yet. In Lesseps' canal project is being proposed as rapidly as the climate and nature of the work will permit, and capable engineers here claim it will still require a quarter of a century before it is complete, providing funds are not wanted and no further obstacles are encountered. Its estimated cost was originally about \$150,000,000.

The Nicaragua canal scheme is the next project to be considered, but it has only passed the introductory stage of having been surveyed and estimated upon. It is to be a lifting lock canal, containing about eighteen large locks. A government commission estimated the cost of constructing this canal at \$200,000,000.

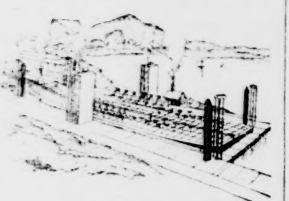
The youngest of the transisthmian schemes is that of a paper, but it promises to be the latest of the lot. It is the inter-oceanic railway plan projected by Capt. Eads, of Philadelphia.



A STEAMER ON THE PROPOSED RAILWAY. The scheme is just now attracting the attention of congress, and has been reported on favorably by the committee having the matter under investigation. Herewith are presented sketches of the means proposed to be used, and the reader can be his own judge in regard to the feasibility of the plan.

The projectors claim that it is simply a continuation of the dry dock and marine railway scheme in shipways. At the terminals of the proposed railway are to be constructed platforms for dry docks, with sufficient buoyancy when filled with air, to sustain the weight of the largest steamer afloat.

These dry-docks will be similar to those in use only that they will have a cradle supported by some 500 car-wheels, and these in turn rest on three tracks laid on the pontoon. When the pontoon is sunk the vessel floats on this cradle, the water is pumped out of the pontoon until the vessel is raised completely out of the water. The bearings on which the vessel rests are then adjusted, after which several powerful locomotives are attached to the cradle and it and its moving wheels are hauled some 140 miles over a triple track, the level of which is about 750 feet above the sea level. An illustration shows a vessel being hauled.



THE PROPOSED DRY DOCK AND CRADLE. The company supporting Capt. Eads in the scheme contains some of the most practical men in the country. They seem to be thoroughly in earnest.

They have secured a concession from the Mexican government which extends over a period of thirty-nine years from 1881. It authorizes the construction of this railway, guarantees protection to the property of the company and leases grants them 1,000,000 acres of public land. On the whole, the scheme is an enchanting one and fully equal to the feats of Jules Verne's flights of fancy.

FERRY BARTON.

Speaking in Congress.

The most nervous moment for a new member of congress is just before he is to make a speech. Many of the old members, even, are not without "stage fright." The idea that the fiscal reporters have ears for the whole thing gives every speaker an uncomfortable feeling and unease. Each man has his peculiar way of going about it. You can't tell the Randall or Morrison are going to speak until they are pretty well on toward their remarks. Morrison always stands for a moment half way down the second aisle on the opposite side, with hands on the desks on either side. Then he speaks with deliberation, always taking two or three steps toward the speaker when much in earnest. He always soon through. Randall always speaks from behind his own desk, and makes no preliminary movement. Hewitt is usually the only other who speaks entirely without warning. He goes off like powder—without a word. Some members load their remarks with a speech; some load themselves. Some use three or four desks give warning by their feet. They are piled up with Congressional records, revised statutes, official reports, newspaper clippings, and on top of all large piles of manuscript. These are always threatening.

Some members of experience put all this material inside their desks, and look very innocent as if they were not going to say much. Then they take out a little at a time. There is a great difference in the bearing of a man who is loaded with a speech. Butterfield, of Ohio, is one of those who limbers up a speech. For a few moments before he begins to seem to be engaged in unlacing his boots and limbering his joints, as an athlete who is about to make a wonderful leap. He makes a dash at his desk and waits his chance.

His face brightens up, the part gets out of his hair, and one lock falls down on his forehead. He stretches out his arms and legs, works his shoulders to see that every joint is free, and when he gets up to speak he is like a willow. Some members walk two or three times past the speaker's desk before they try to catch his eye. Some stand up in their places, clear their throats several times, pull up their sleeves, button their cuffs, feel their tie, open and shut their desks two or three times, and then walk down the aisle a little way and say, "Mr. Speaker." Some sit and rub their hands. Others do nothing in particular, but you can tell they are going to speak by the nervous glances they throw up at the speaker. —Washington Star.

"TORMENTS OF TEXAS."

THE MOCKING-BIRD AND ITS CAPACITY TO "MAKE THINGS HUM."

The Voice of the Chacalaka—His Whole-Souled Efforts to Make Noise—The Large and Sociable Red Ant—The Tarantula, Centipede and Scorpion.

Then we have the fog-whistle locust. He is about seven times as large as a grasshopper, and makes nine times the noise of a planing-mill. During the day he hides, probably to oil up his machinery, but at dusk he gets in a tree overhead and lets loose with a suddenness and violence to make your teeth chatter. If you have been on a tugboat New Year's eve, you will know the effect produced by this pleasing insect when he tunes up and breaks into song. After hearing him once you will think a saw-filing machine a music-box. He sings steadily for five hours, and at midnight precisely lets off an extra whoop to let you know he is through, and instantly becomes silent, and probably goes to bed with the proud consciousness of having done his duty. Meantime you have found it impossible to close your eyes, but now you hum a "Te Deum" and settle down comfortably. Then the mocking-bird begins.

"LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD."

Did you ever reside next door to a family depraved enough to keep a mocking-bird? If so, how long? If quite long, may I ask how many of your family are in the lunatic asylum, in jail for homicide, or in the cold grave? A mocking-bird has a happy knack of whistling in a minor key at hours when even the most hardened parrot will tuck his head under his wing and give the family a rest. It is precisely when you are most tired and sleepy that the mocking-bird considers it his duty to brace up and make things hum. I think this is because he has a bad conscience and is afraid of the dark, and so whistles to keep his courage up.

In the effete north a man pays \$50 for a good mocking-bird, and then proceeds to depopulate the neighborhood by hanging it out the window where it can keep the whole block awake during the entire summer. Then having killed off the adjacent residents by chronic insomnia, he is enabled to buy their property at ridiculous rates, and so reimburse himself for his outrageous expenditures on the bird. I have no doubt if you inquire into the private history of some of your real estate kings, you will find they got their start by using a mocking-bird.

There, however, the high price of mocking-birds is a natural check to this species of villainy, but here they grow for nothing. The woods are full of them, and their concert begins exactly where that of the fog-whistle locust ends.

Well, after five hours of exasperating chirps and shrieks, in which if he mock anything he mocks a man rasping a pane of glass with a rusty nail, and gives a good imitation, the mocking-bird perceives it is dawn, and knows that it is high time for all scoundrels to go to bed. So he shuts up with a snap, and skirmsishes around for such early worms as he thinks necessary. At this time it might be possible for you to sleep awhile if it were not for the chacalakas.

THE VOICE OF THE CHACALAKA.

You don't know what a chacalaka is? A chacalaka is a long-tailed bird that infests this region, and is supposed to be a species of pheasant. He wakes up about dawn, and immediately proceeds to acquaint you with the fact that he has a voice like a cross between that of a guinea hen and a peacock. You know how vociferous a hen is when she has just laid an egg, and wants to draw attention to it? Well, that is the way a chacalaka behaves when he wakes up and is ready for business. You would naturally think he would busy himself getting breakfast, and postpone the riotous fuss until later, but such is not the case, for from daybreak until the sun is an hour high every chacalaka in this region is throwing his whole soul into an effort to make more noise than a restaurant night with a gong. He goes in flocks of untold numbers; and there are, I fancy, about ten flocks to the square mile. They say that if the undergrowth of cactus would only allow a man to go hunting, he would find the chacalaka quite good to eat. I am glad he is good for something. Do you happen to know what a steam calliope is good for?

In enumerating the blessings of this climate, I have not mentioned the large and sociable red ants, nor the tarantulas, which come into the household with every log of wood; nor the ticks nor the centipedes, which drop at unexpected moments from the ceiling and wriggle in your soup; nor the various kinds of flies whose employment is to tickle you during the day; nor small scorpions, which make it lively for you at all times. I have not mentioned the midwife, which steals upon your boots by night and paints them a lively green before morning, nor have I spoken of an improved breed of mosquitoes, capable of boring with great ease through five thicknesses of cloth. Neither have I alluded to the sandflies in his glory, nor to the festive and ubiquitous clunk.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

That Early Bird Story Again.

A father had been lecturing his young hopeful upon the evils of staying out late at night and getting up late in the morning. "You never will amount to anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember that the early bird catches the worm." "How about the worm, father?" inquired the young man; "wasn't he rather foolish to get up so early?" "My son," replied the old man solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was on his way home."—New York Times.

WINTER WOLF-HUNTING.

MEN WHO HUNT WITH STRYCHNINE
AND PURELY FOR BUSINESS.

Professional "Wolfs" That Scour the Big Horn Country—Selecting Territory—The Cabin—Provisions—The Real Business of the Winter—Results.

"There is a class of hunters out in the Yellowstone basin," said J. S. Williamson, formerly in charge of Rufus Hatch's Yellowstone Park hotel, "whose only ammunition is strychnine, and who hunt from November until April without taking a day off. They hunt for the money they can make, and they make a lot of it. If they made ten times as much nobody would begrudge them a cent of it, for the only game they hunt is wolves, and the wolf hasn't got many friends out there. I guess there must be at least 300 professional wolfs that scour the Big Horn country in the Yellowstone basin above the Bad Lands, and probably as many more work the Milk River region. They are known as wolfs, and they are different from any other class of hunters or trappers.

PLEXY OF STRYCHNINE TAKEN ALONG.

"In the autumn of the year the wolfs begin to gather at the frontier posts where they do their trading. They dispose of all the furs they may have on hand, and then fit themselves out for the winter's campaign against the wolves. They take supplies enough to last them a long time, for they seldom return from the wilderness before spring. The principal item in their outfit is strychnine. The wolfs always travel in parties of half a dozen or so, and before they go into the wilderness they divide up the entire territory into sections, the boundaries of which they know as well as if they were run out and staked by a surveyor. Each party is assigned or draws a section, and on that alone he hunts. One party of wolfs would no more think of working on another party's section than they would think of putting strychnine in a comrade's mess. They are enabled to keep within their bounds by landmarks which years of successive hunting in the same territory have made as familiar as their own names. One party, for that matter, hasn't much excuse for getting over on another's territory, for a wolfing section will cover as much ground as the biggest county in the United States.

"The first thing a party of wolfs do on reaching their section is to put up their cabin, or repair their old one. These cabins are clinked with mud, and their sites are always in the center of a good 'wooding-up' locality, so that there will be no danger of a scarcity of fuel, for one such winter as they have out there can make one good, able-bodied fireplace eat up an area of forest that would keep a whole eastern town in fire wood for a year. Every cabin has a stone fireplace that will take in a log ten feet long, and so you can imagine how much of a fire can be built in one of them. Bonanza Mackay's palace couldn't house a wolf for the winter more comfortably than one of these mud-daubed cabins in the very heart of the Bad Lands. There is no exclusiveness about these wilderness shelters, either. Every man's cabin is free to his neighbor. It often happens that a wolf in a day's tramp may find himself at night nearer some other party's cabin than his own, and he seeks its shelter just as freely and with no more hesitation than he would go to his own. But he never asks more than shelter. It is wolf etiquette to always carry plenty of provisions, and to draw on your own store wherever you may be.

THE BUSINESS OF THE WINTER.

"A good saddle horse and a pack horse or two goes with every wolf's outfit. If he does not care to use them for the time, they are turned out on the range, where they know how to provide for themselves, no matter how deep the snow is. A large store of the general provisions of the wolfs of an entire territory is always cached, and the location is known to all. Everything for the welfare and safety of the wolfs having been done, the real business of the winter begins. Each party is provided with hundreds of long, slender pine sticks, sharpened on the ends. An elk, or as many as are needed, is killed, and the carcass cut up into small pieces. These are poisoned with the strychnine, and each wolf fills a small sack with them. After each snowfall the wolfs start out. They make a circuit of miles, and at intervals sink one of the pine sticks in the snow, a piece of the poisoned meat being placed on the upper end, so that it is temptingly exposed above the snow. Two days later the wolfs go over the route again with pack horses, skin the wolf carcasses that they pick up by the hundred, and fetch them in to the cabins and prepare them for market.

"How many thousands of wolves are thus gathered in the Bad Lands by these persistent hunters in the course of a single season it is difficult to estimate, but the wolfs make from \$150 to \$300 a month apiece in the sale of the pelts they secure. Yet, so rapidly do the wolves increase, there is no perceptible diminution in their numbers. A wolf never hunts anything else unless he needs game to supply his cabin. A dozen elk, deer, antelope, or any other game animal might pass within gunshot of him every hour and he would pay no more attention to them than if they were so many crows. He is out after wolves for business. That is all he thinks of, and all he wants."—New York Sun.

Description of an American Dandy.

"His dark-colored, cutaway frock coat," writes a novelist describing an American dandy, "fitted his handsome form without a wrinkle, almost as smoothly as a mole-skin on the back of its plump little owner. His large, glossy cuffs showed prominently below the sleeves of his coat. His cuff-buttons consisted of a single alligator's tooth of exquisite polish set in plain gold. They had been presented by a friend who spent his winters in Florida. Roker's collar was immaculate. His flowered silk tie was a dainty product of high art in the furnishing goods line. His boots exhibited the perfection of the polishing art. He carried a twisted cane, and was just lighting a choice Havana cigar."—Exchange.

Obtained a Progressive Luncheon.

A Philadelphia tramp who obtained soup at the first house, two boiled potatoes at the second, and cold pork at the third said he had obtained a progressive luncheon.

THE LEADING HOUSE.

Strome & Whitelaw,

Although the Quietest Time in the Year,

THE BRÆSIDE BLOCK

is a busy spot. A full staff of hands to their post daily. Our

ASSORTMENT IS LARGE,
OUR PRICES RIGHT.

THE LEADING HOUSE!

will never be found in the rear, but

Always to the Front.

Mr. STROME leaves for the Eastern Markets this week to purchase

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Our stock this season will be equal

Second to None in Manitoba.

We are Here to do Business,

—AND—

We are Going to do Business.

All intending purchasers should not fail to visit the Leading House before spending their money.

STROME & WHITELOW,
BRAESIDE BLOCK

Don't fail to Leave your measure at STROME & WHITELOW'S if you want a Suit of Clothes. They turn out the Finest Garments in Brandon.

PIONEER

SHOE STORE

SENKBEIL'S OLD STAND,

9th STREET.

Largest Stock,

Greatest Variety,

Lowest Prices.

FLUMERFELT

& POWERS

PATRONAGE RESPECTFULLY

SOLICITED.

CANADIAN.

OTTAWA, July 28.—Despatches having appeared in several United States and Canadian newspapers stating that the Canadian Government had, in response to appeals, sent out a vessel bearing provisions for the distressed fishermen in Newfoundland and Labrador, the officials of the Marine and Fisheries Department have been interviewed concerning the matter. They state that no vessel has been sent and that the departments have had no official knowledge of the matter which is beyond their jurisdiction, the Canadian Government having nothing to do with Newfoundland. The mayor of Toronto having written to the department inquiring what ships were being taken here, received an answer to the above effect.

HAMILTON, July 28.—Notice of application is given by Elizabeth Virginia Duggan, re: Tackett, to the next Parliament of Canada for a divorce from Richard John Duggan, solicitor, late of Hamilton. His present residence is unknown, and this appears in the newspapers to-night. The reason of Duggan's absence from Hamilton is also made public. While he was chasing his wife, his father-in-law appeared on the scene and he turned upon him and discharged a revolver at him, the bullet lodging in Tackett's head. Duggan then made his escape and is supposed to be in the United States.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 26.—A terrible incident occurred in a cottage belonging to Joseph Goddard, a French Canadian, during a heavy thunder storm, which passed over this district last night. Saturday an aged aunt of Goddard's died, and was to have been buried to-day. Last evening several friends of the family assembled to sympathize with them in their bereavement. After what they considered to be a due amount of sorrowing had been indulged in the mourners began to be merry, and a wild scene of hilarity speedily obtained. While this was going on the severest thunder storm which has been known in this section for some time swept rapidly up and soon the whole village range was lighted up with vivid flashes of lightning, while the rolling of thunder was enough to shake the houses to the foundations. The mourning party, however, were engrossed in their pursuits that they paid no heed to the war among the elements. A more intense flash of lightning than usual sent one of its forks down the chimney. The coffin, which had been placed close to the fireplace, was first encountered and ripped up as clean as with a razor. The body was reduced almost to a cinder, while Eugene Gareau and F. K. Bavin, who were standing near, were instantly killed. The rest of the party, some six or seven in all, were rendered insensible by the shock, and it was not until late this morning that any of them recovered, when they staggered out and related the story to their neighbors. It was hardly credited, but when fully realized the superstitious of the ignorant country were aroused and no one would go near the house. The authorities will probably institute an inquiry.

Parson's Winter.
I'm glad it's going, its blowing and snowing,
Its cold waves and blizzards, its less and snowing;
For it all there's no knowing just what I am owing,
For only a youngster can guess what it costs.
For midwinter sleighing comes higher than Maying,
A sail on the river costs less than a ball;
When the opera's playing the fiddler you're paying,
But a picnic in August costs nothing at all.
I'm tired of its dancing, its lancers and prancing,
Its "Tuesdays," "A's Homes," and its "Five o'clock teas."
Its social romancing, its gossip entrancing,
I sigh for the desert to live as I please.
And now I affirm it, and time will confirm it,
I'm satisfied and poor that my sin I'll repent,
And I'll be, as they term it, a pious old sinner—
The holiest man on the earth—during Lent.
ROBERT J. BOURDETTE.

The Darkey and His Cranium.
It is fun to see the darkeys when a summer rain comes up. They will plow on until the shower comes and then mount and lope home and get wet all over, and by that time the rain is over and they have to go back again. The darkey takes more care of his head than his feet. He don't want his head to get wet or cold. He sleeps with his head to the fire and covers it up good and lets his feet stick out any way. He will warm his hands before he will his toes. There is one thing that a darkey can do better than a white man. He can heat his making fires on a cold, wintery morning. Sometimes when the wood was wet and the kindling poor I have despaired of making it burn, but a darkey never fails. The fire seems to recognize him and I have thought that maybe it drew some colored color from his carcass—Bill App in Atlanta Constitution.

Use of Electricity in Surgery.
"Any thing new in the medical world, doctor."
"Well, yes, Dr. Roberts, of New York, has lately made a remarkably discovery. It is a method of investigating the diseases of a bone by the introduction of a stem of electric light."
"The object?"
"Well, in this case the party had been injured, and the physician suspected that there was an abscess or pus in the thigh bone. He bored a hole in the bone, and by the aid of the incandescent light discovered that his diagnosis was correct."
—Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.

The Machinery of Great Britain.
The statement is made that all the varied machinery of Great Britain now operated by steam power is capable of performing more work and hence of creating more products than could be produced by the labor of 400,000,000 able-bodied men, a greater number than all the able-bodied men on earth—Exchange.

YOUNG MEN—READ THIS.

The Victoria Hotel Co., of Marshall Mich., offer to sell their celebrated Electric-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men, young or old, afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write the name for illustrated pamphlet free.

The Farmers' Paradise.

A man on his own farm, well cultivated and kept well stocked, with good modern dwellings and barns and outbuildings, master of both time and acres, tied to no hours by the calls of bells and whistles, free to come and go according to the necessities of none but himself, mostly in his own fields, performing his beautiful labors within sight of the smoke of his own chimneys, is surely as rich in the genuine sense of that word as any man can be. He has nothing to fear and nothing to envy. Of one thing he is sure all his days, and that is a sufficient living; and that is what other men are never sure of without a single pang of doubt or apprehension. There is his land; there is his home; there is all the animate and inanimate machinery of his establishment, and for the rest he looks in profound trust to the bounty of heaven.

Instead of this unworthy and demoralizing anxiety to get rich, if the average farmer, once being solidly established, would resolve to enlarge and exalt his life as it is, to make more out of that, to enjoy as much as possible of what there is to be enjoyed, to be at home and beautiful his home—that would be a paradise on earth—within and without, he would find all his daily tasks easier, even to the extent of being delightful; he would feel rich where now, with more money he feels all the time poor, and he would rid himself of a false tyrant in the form of increasing parsimony that holds his nose to the grindstone till he is flung into his grave. If farmers only knew it, they would be the richest men on earth.

On the occasion of the departure of the first train over the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal to the Pacific coast, on the 28th ult., an interesting souvenir card was prepared. On the front page of the card an artistic design shows a baggage train of the Pacific service, while on the back are arranged artotype photos of Canadians who have taken a prominent interest in the railway. These are Sir John Macdonald, premier of Canada; Sir George Stephen, president of the company, as well as Sir Donald A. Smith, Mr. W. C. Van Horne, Mr. R. B. Angus, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott and Mr. Charles Drinkwater, the secretary. Inside the card are given interesting statistics regarding the railway and route.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to the suffering fellow. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, a full recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 110 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BRANDON PUMP WORKS.

ISAAC M. RIESBERRY

400 NOW READY

which must be sold. To farmers and others we offer the

—CHEAPEST—AND—BEST—

pumps on the market. Attention given to deep wells. A liberal commission given to agents in the country. Shop.

NINTH—ST.,

Between Princess and Lomb Ave.

PUMPS

W. H. McIntyre,

Brandon, Man., at 150 money, as I do not peddle my pumps, I can sell cheaper than those who do. Deep well pumps sorted on a new principle, which are equal.

All kinds of pumps repaired, no matter of what make.

A liberal discount to agents who buy one-half dozen at a time.

SHOP ON PACIFIC AVENUE

Opposite C. P. R. Freight Shed, Brandon.

W. H. MCINTYRE, Proprietor.



Mail Contracts.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 28th July, 1886, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on proposed contracts for four years over each of the following routes from the 1st October next.

Brandon and Two Rivers, twice per week, computed distance 303 miles.
Brandon and Railway Station, 12 times per week, computed distance 107 miles.
Brandon and Qu'Appelle Station, six times per week, computed distance 61 miles.
Qu'Appelle Station and Railway Station, 12 times per week, computed distance 61 miles.
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of tenders, contracts, etc., may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices at the termini of the respective routes.

W. W. McLEOD,
P.O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Winnipeg, 11th June, 1886.

PAISLEY'S

SURPRISE
FOR AUGUST.

ACTUAL INVOICES

—AND—
10 Per Cent
—ON—
Summer Dry Goods.We confess our
Financial Inability
—AND—
Lack of Space

in our Store to carry these Goods over

—O—
COME AND SEE OUR GOODS—AND—
GET OUR PRICES.

PAISLEY.

HURRAH BOYS!

A. O. KERR'S

FIRE CRACKERS!!!

Oranges, Bananas, Lemons,

AND
All Choice Fruits and Nuts

ALWAYS ON HAND.

A Choice Assortment of PLANTS for the

Ladies at Low Prices.

A Select Stock of

Groceries, Provisions, Flour

Feed, Grain and Seeds.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Goods Delivered Free.

S. M. SMYTH,

HAS OPENED A

NEW FURNITURE STORE,

ROSSER AVENUE, BRANDON.

(Next door to the Little Central Hotel).

A LARGE STOCK OF FIRST-CLASS

Furniture,

Pictures,

Mirrors, &c.

PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? It is sent at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It is a valuable medicine. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers: there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Whooping Cough, soothes the inflamed membrane, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to a whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescriptive of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Be sure ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Auction Sale!

—AT THE—

BRANDON REPOSITORY,

Wednesday, Aug. 18, 1886.

Of Horses, Horned Stock, Pigs, Poultry, Rolling Stock and Implements of every description.

These sales take place only on the third Wednesday of every month.

CHAS. PILLING, Auctioneer.

WILSON & CO

DEALERS IN

Hardware
STOVES

AND

TINWARE

CORNER 7th and

ROSSER AVENUE

Money to Loan.

MANITOBA

Mortgage and Investment Co.

(LIMITED.)

CAPITAL \$2,500,000.

LOCAL ADVISORY BOARD.

Hon. C. P. Brown, M.P.P., Minister of Public Works.
C. Sweeney, Esq., Manager, Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg.
A. F. Eden, Esq., Land Commissioner, Man. and N. W. Railway Company.
A. W. Rose, Esq., M.P.
W. B. Hunter, Esq., Winnipeg.
W. Hespeler, Esq., German Consul, Winnipeg.
This Company has been formed expressly for the purpose of lending money on the security of Real Estate in Manitoba.
Advances made on the security of farm and city property at lowest current rates.
HEAD OFFICE—Margrave Block, 326, Main Street, Winnipeg.
H. R. MORRISON, Manager.

DALY & COLDWELL,

BARRISTERS, &c.,

Agents for BRANDON.

Perfect Fits.

IF YOU WANT A

Cheap & Neat Fitting Suit

—Call on—

L. STOCKTON,

Next to Dr. Fleming's Drug Store.

Fashionable
Summer
Suits
FROM \$16 UP.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Bring along your cash and we will make prices suit you.

L. STOCKTON.

Pioneer Tailor.

WILSON & CARRICK.

Blacksmiths and Jobbers

West Side NINTH Street

Between Rosser and Princess Streets.

BEST HORSE SHOERS IN
THE CITY.

Repairing of All Kinds

DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

Get home, give us a call.

WILSON & CARRICK.

N. B.—Wood work done with neatness and dispatch.

To All Who Intend Building

WE draw your special attention to the new FACTORY that has been fitted up, with a complete set of Woodworking Machinery. We are now prepared to promptly fill all orders on the shortest notice. We will constantly keep on hand a stock of Doors, Sash, Frames, Mouldings, Turnings, Scroll Sawing & Brackets made to order.

Don't forget the place—South of Rosser Ave., Tenth Street. Hoping to receive a liberal share of your patronage, we are,

FORBES & STIRRETT.



LIVERY.

JAMES S. GIBSON,

FIRST-CLASS RIGS,
STYLISH HORSES.

Livery Sale and Feed
STABLES.

DEALERS IN

Horses, Oxen, Wagons, Sleighs,
Buggies, Cutters, &c.

—GENERAL—

BLACKSMITHING

GENTLEMEN:

I have opened a shop on the

Cor. 12th St., ROSSER AV.

And am prepared to do all kind of work in blacksmithing, and to contract or tender in any of the trades, and to do a specialty.

Satisfaction given or No Fee.

Give me a call and you will have a home made pair in woodwork done immediately.

Brandon, Aug. 1886.

W. GIVIN.

CAMPBELL'S
CATHARTIC
COMPOUND

is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not excite, causes no nausea, and will not create irritation and constipation as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills. Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint. CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS. FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE. FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA. FOR CONSTIPATION OF CHILDREN. FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH.

This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different constitutions, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the infirm and the adult. Put up in three and six bottle sizes, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.

Price Retail, 25 Cents.

ALLEN'S



THE remedy for Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Pain and Oppression of the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all the Pulmonary Organs. It is a valuable medicine. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers: there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Whooping Cough, soothes the inflamed membrane, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to a whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescriptive of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Be sure ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Physicians have found that Allen's Lung Balsam should try this medicine before they resort to any other. Remember, there is no cure for a cough which does not first reach the lungs. Do not mistake because a cough is cured, but the lungs are not cured. Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes. Price 25c., 50c., and \$1 per Bottle. The 25c. bottles are put up for the convenience of all who desire simply a cough remedy. The 50c. and \$1 bottles are put up for the convenience of all who desire a remedy for the lungs. Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes. Price 25c., 50c., and \$1 per Bottle. The 25c. bottles are put up for the convenience of all who desire simply a cough remedy. The 50c. and \$1 bottles are put up for the convenience of all who desire a remedy for the lungs. Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes. Price 25c., 50c., and \$1 per Bottle. The 25c. bottles are put up for the convenience of all who desire simply a cough remedy. The 50c. and \$1 bottles are put up for the convenience of all who desire a remedy for the lungs.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

A CLOSE RACE LAST YEAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

A list of the works issued—Some Curious Features—England's Great Circulating Libraries—The Three Volume Book—Traditions in this Country.

A close race was run between England and America in the number of books published last year. England brought out 537, a falling off of about 500 from the record of the previous year, while America issued 499, or a decline of 58 from the preceding year. When one comes to analyze these publications some curious features are exposed. In England the greatest number of books in one class, singularly enough, were found among juvenile works and tales, of which 671 volumes were printed. Theology and sermons came second with 496 volumes; educational, classical and philological, third, with 343 volumes, and novels and other fiction fourth, with 335 volumes. While England published only 72 new law books last year, this country issued 41 volumes, 43 of theology and 49 of law. Of fiction, the novels, outnumbering any two other classes of books, of the third class among American books was the juvenile, numbering 388, while the fourth was education and language, 225 volumes. The American list shows a decline of only nine volumes in the flood of fiction, and an increase of 55 volumes in theology over last year.

ENGLAND'S CIRCULATING LIBRARIES. The English publishers are mainly at the mercy of the great circulating libraries. It has been clearly shown that the people in England would welcome the single-volume novel, but so great is the power of Mudie, the head of the circulating library, that no publisher dares to bring out a copyright book in this inexpensive style. Only the books who steal American books, have been able to demonstrate the truth that readers are weary of the old and cumbersome styled publication. The system of distributing books by the circulating library in England has been a great blow to the sale of books to individual buyers, even among the wealthy, buy any new books. They are all subscribers to Mudie and count on getting the opportunity to read all the books of the day soon after they are published.

Mudie orders an entire edition of a popular novel or a readable book of travels or romance. Indeed, it has gone so far in England that many publishers submit manuscripts of novels for his approval. If he declares that the story will not do for him, that is the end of the hopes of the author. The publisher would never dream of issuing a book in the face of this autocrat's approval. The result is that every book is padded out with thick paper and printed in large type. Any ordinary novel which the American publisher finds no difficulty in compressing into a single volume the English publisher spreads over three volumes, thus placing it entirely beyond the reach of any one of modest means who desires to own the book.

THE LOST OR FULL MOON. In this country the publishers are not under the galling yoke of the circulating library, but they are wedded to certain styles which are very demoralizing. One of these is that a book in cloth does not lose the same care in binding as a book in half cloth or full morocco. This is a relic from the English, who regard binding as merely temporary, and who strip off whenever the book is put in library style. Carlyle, however, had down the time law when he said that the purchaser of a book wanted volume for use, and that he demanded that the book be sound and well bound and the cover of durable material.

In this country there are thousands of scattered private libraries which do not contain a single book in the regular library style. Why should a man of moderate means pay \$50 for a set of books which he can get the same books for the same paper, type, illustrations, and binding for \$25? It is silly affectation for a man of small means to limit himself to a few books in fine bindings over the imported idea that a "gentleman's library" should show nothing cheap. *San Francisco Chronicle.*

He Didn't Know Sary. A man stopped at the house of a Dakota settler to get a drink of water. He found something in the shade, while another man was working near by.

"Wasn't it, think you would need to keep those on any small farm," the traveler said.

"Oh I don't need to; I keep him so's to be somebody to boss around."

"Should think it would be cheaper to let him go and boss your wife."

"Nonsense," replied the settler, solemnly. "I don't know Sary—it'd be necessary to have a company of the regular army here all the time if I wanted to see any of my bossin' boys out—Estlin Bell."

He Belied the Name. One of the managers of a home for destitute children tells a funny story about a boy named Washington's birthday was celebrated at that institution. She went out to see the attention to see how things were going and found a youngster as black as the end of a coal mine tied to a bedpost with his hands behind him. "What's that boy doing?" she asked the attendant.

"He's, to name, he is the worst lying boy I ever saw." "What's his name?"

"George Washington, ma'am," was the paralyzing reply—Washington Capital.

Mason, when you run for office remember that a lump of sugar will attract more than can light on it. This is the first lesson in American politics—Macon.

Experiment M. Teller raised the amount of water in an hour from 120 of twenty feet, with a power generator, simply by the natural heat of steam.

Nothing even in the midst of the Attach to every atom in life—Matter that atom may be—its real.

The first tenacious opera-glasses were made by an optician of Paris named and presented to King Louis XIII.

CAKE WALK AT CONGOVILLE.

How the Ladies and Gentlemen Inaugurated the New Club House.

One of the amusements peculiar to fashionable colored society is the cake walk. Ladies and gentlemen in couples promenade up and down around a waxed floor for a prize. The prize is a great luscious cake, prepared specially for the occasion by a dandy colored cook. There are likewise money premiums, more valuable than the cake. Sums of \$25, \$15, \$10 and \$5 are variously distributed according to the grace and agility of the high steppers in the race—first, second, third or fourth class. Three or four judges, usually white gentlemen, sit in chairs in the center of the room, observe the gait of the belles and beaux, and decide on it. The couple that walks with most dignity and elegance take the cake. All the walkers must be dressed in the extreme of fashion and good clothes. This is an absolute requirement.

Colored society pays much more attention to its walk, if not to its conversation, than white folks do. The cake walk is especially the mode with hotel waiters, who comprise the most fashionable and aristocratic wing of colored society everywhere. In summer the competitions take place at watering place resorts; in winter, at large hotels and club houses in the city.



THEY TAKE THE CAKE.

"Doesn't he, does my boy Toussaint L'Ouverture Johnson know what a cake walk is?" says Prer Jones. "Ax Toussaint's granddaddy he knows what 'possum fat is'."

But in Congoville the colored population have a club house all their own. They are advancing rapidly in civilization. They dedicated the club house with the most brilliant cake walk record. All the wealth and beauty of Congoville were there. There were four prizes and ten couples competing for them. Toussaint L'Ouverture Johnson's shirt front blazed with the unspeakable glare of a \$3 diamond. Miss Arctura Simpson walked with him. She wore a cream colored satin, bordered with hearts, and Turkey red embroidered silk stockings. Miss Arctura Goldsby, an exquisite octopus, wore brown satin, with an aggrate of pink feathers in her bosom. Cid blue silk stockings. The ladies bustled like the true V. Avenue world. Mr. Eugene Swalloway was Miss Arctura's companion. He wore a shirt front and canary-colored kid.

The couples glided around to the melting strains of their "Am I not fondly string band." The creases of gait, the turning out of the toes, the swelling of the chests, the looking of the knees in the air formed a picture of aesthetic beauty that lingers in the memory like a dream. The bewitching glare of the short fronts added not a little to the scene. Miss Arctura Simpson was a beautiful brunette, Arctura Goldsby and Mr. Eugene Swalloway would have taken the cake only for one little matter. They walked the premium, but they could not take it. Alas! Mr. Swalloway did not wear a swallowtail coat, but a Prince Albert. He was not therefore in full dress, and had to be ruled out. The requirements of society are strict.

The cake consequently fell to the next best couple, who were Miss Simpson and Mr. Johnson, the pair in the picture. The little rhythmic swing of their hip joints and elbows, has been caught by our artist on the spot with indelible fidelity.

A prize of a frosted cake was also given for the most complicated walk. One who has seen the shines and dikes out by a colored waiter entering a dining room with a loaded tray in his hands will understand what that means. It takes years to learn even the in and out elbow motion. Complicated! Rather, Mr. Alonzo Thompson took the prize for complicated walking. He spread himself out over half the room, till he looked a combination of parabolic curves and clockwork. He fettered the frosted cake amid the cheers of the multitude, while the eyes of his rivals stuck out with envy.

One of Gen. Sheridan's Stories.

Gen. Sheridan was once halted by G. M. Woodward, of Wisconsin, when the latter was a "high private" in the army of the Potomac and on picket duty. A man of the bow-back came along, and he greeted him with the proper salutation: "Who goes there?" "A friend," was the reply. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." Said the young private, "I am Gen. Sheridan," said the horseman, Woodward gave him to understand that he didn't care if he was Gen. Sheridan; that he wanted the countersign, and he brought his bayonet into close proximity to the general's person and demanded the proper answer. Sheridan smiled, gave it to him, and as he rode away, turned to remark: "Young man, there's a regiment of infantry coming just behind me. Don't molest 'em!"—Unpublished War Paper.

Operations have been lately begun for the purpose of clearing away the mass of sand which has accumulated during centuries around the famous statue of the Sphinx. Brughsh Bey, brother of the distinguished Egyptologist, has charge of the work, which is being carried out according to a plan proposed by Signor Maspero, and it will, it is expected, be finished by Easter. The portion of the statue at present above ground is about forty feet. It is supposed that as much more, at least, is buried in the sand, and the amount of sand to be cleared away is estimated at 20,000 cubic meters. A small tramway is being constructed to carry away this mass of sand to a distance, and 150 laborers are employed on the task. When the statue has been laid bare to the level of the foundations a broad circular walk will be constructed around it, and a high wall will be built to guard against future encroachments of the sands of the desert.

A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT.

How Mrs. James Brown Potter Shocked Washington Society.

(Special Correspondence.) WASHINGTON, March 9.—Mrs. James Brown Potter, who has so scandalized this city and hurt its little feelings by reciting "Oster Joe" at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's reception, is a beautiful woman and a leader of fashionable society in New York. She is one of the few fashionable New York women who seem to have brains enough to strike out and do anything out of their own heads. Mrs. Potter is perhaps 25 to 30 years old; is tall, slender and as graceful as a lily. She has blue eyes and dark brown hair and rosy cheeks. She is a more beautiful woman than Mrs. Langtry.

If she had had to earn her own living, she would have made a successful actress. But she is rich, therefore there was no question of that. Young, talented, rich and beautiful, with a noble health and flow of high spirits, time hung heavily on her hands. She had to do something or burst. So she turned her attention to elocution and amateur theatricals.

The picture represents the lady in her box at the opera. It is from a photograph. Let me hasten to say that this is the fashionable New York and Washington costume for a lady who sits in a box at the opera. It's English, you know.

Instead of going on the regular stage Mrs. Potter began to work up amateur theatricals in New York society. In this she was very successful. Some of the amateur performances of the circle to which she belongs are nearly as good as professional ones of a respectable class of talent. Much interest is manifested in this sort of amusement, and very pretty entertainments are given for charitable and other purposes.

It seems as though all the fates have combined to shower good fortune upon Mrs. Potter. She is as popular in society as she is rich and pretty. Her life has been on like a white-winged bird down a hilly fringed lake until she came to Washington. Here she ran against a snag. Society here has put its back up bristling, and hisses like an old cat. Mrs. Potter is very good natured. She gives poems and recitations at evening receptions in society. They have added to the pleasure of the occasion, for the lady recites extremely well, and they were always greatly applauded until she came to Washington.

One of the poems she recites is named "Oster Joe." It is by George R. Sims, an English writer. It narrates how a vain and pretty girl married a homely, honest booby. After two or three years of happy married life the wife ran away with some body else and left her husband and baby. She left a wicked life, sink to the lowest depths and was dying in "humble lodgings." Joe, the booby husband, went to her, forgave her and she died in his arms. He buried her and placed upon her grave a leadstone which "bears the honored name of wife."

Mrs. Potter read this at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's, as she had often read it before in New York, where it was praised.

She said: "Washington society, and garters up its skirts, tosses its head and marches out of the room. Knowing Washington society as I do, to me this is the most stupendous joke in five years. What Washington society can't stand in the way of things and people that are off color is hardly worth mentioning. Why I should have pretended to be shocked at this poem I cannot understand, unless it is because the wind was in the wrong quarter last week. The spectacle of Washington society being shocked at anything is an edifying one."

SARAH KING.

A Seasonable Dream.

Tenant—The ceilings need kalsomining very badly.

Landlord—I will send the kalsominers the first thing in the morning, sir.

Tenant—And the outside of the house ought to have a new coat of paint.

Landlord—The painters will be here right after dinner, sir.

Tenant—And the water and gas pipes are somewhat out of repair.

Landlord—I know they are, sir. I will stop at the plumber on my way home.

Tenant—And the—

Tenant's wife (peeking him in the back)—John! John! wake up and turn over. Do you want to rouse the whole neighborhood with your snoring and snoring?

Tenant—Um—yah—um, just the back! It's only a dream!

Sad Lapse of Memory.

A wealthy citizen of a neighboring city had been out until the small hours with convivial companions. It was not exactly a "dry local" that he had visited, and he arrived home slightly exhilarated. He managed, by describing several erratic rather than geometrical lines, to get to his bedroom and into a chair. Then he called to his wife in a stage whisper:

"I can't get my boots off."

"What's the matter with your boots?"

"Noozin' in a faint whisper."

"What's the matter with your hands then?" she cross-examined.

"Noozin'."

"Why don't you pull your boots off, then?"

"Maria, I've forgot the combination!"—Boston Record.

Cheap, but Dangerous.

"Hum," said Mrs. Somber, looking at a newspaper illustration of a cemetery, beside which stood a coffin: "I thought the expense of a coffin was dispensed with when the body was interred."

"Well, so it is," replied her husband; "the coffin is not burned; it is returned, and used to convey the next corpse to the furnace."

"Ugh," shuddered Mrs. S., "that settles it. I will never be cremated. Just think of being put in a coffin in which a person who has died of smallpox or some other contagious disease has lain! None for me!"—Drake's Magazine.

He Removed the Clinkers.

A man in the coal region put a little dynamite in the cook stove to remove clinkers. It removed them. It also removed three chairs, one table, the family cat, a twenty-four hour clock, four dollars' worth of dishes, and the stove. The fact that the man was likewise removed in something of a hurry, will be apt to prevent his mode of removing clinkers becoming popular.—Norristown Herald.

What Is It?

In a peal of bells.

On a lady's hand,

In a fighting crowd,

On a staked land,

Neath a lady's ear,

In a shilling's sound,

In a wine's shout,

I am often found.

THE TURTLES AND THE BEARS.

How the Picture-Writings of the North American Indians Are Produced.

Let us see how an Indian of North America goes to work to write. Suppose a wild Indian belonging to the great clan whose members call themselves the Turtle, makes a raid on a village of hunters and wigwags owned by enemies belonging to the widespread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtles three days of hard travel through forests and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose, and that most of the squaws and papooses are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to keep watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush at the wigwags. The old people run into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, and then, off, burn all the wigwags they can, and hurry home with the cattle.

Now these savages think they have done quite a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes, as does one great nation in Europe when, like our Turtle chieftain, badly counseled by wicked and ambitious men, it robs another of a great province and forces the wretched people who dwell there to obey the laws of a nation they dislike. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch-bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig of soft wood for a pen, and with this tobacco juice draws the following pictures:

First, he draws a turtle, and it is a very big turtle, because he thinks that he and his clan are very great personages, indeed. Then he draws as many waving lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in his party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with tomahawks, his lines bend forward to show in what direction the trail went. Following these a rising sun stands for daybreak, and three lines under it means that three days went by in going to the Bears. Next he puts down as many little pyramids as there were Bear wigwags and draws them upside down to show that they were destroyed. After that he draws as well as he can, a few bears, very small, in order to show his contempt for the bears. Finally he draws with the pen-knot, care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his exploit, and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by drawing just as many human figures without the heads.—St. Nicholas.

His Wife Number Two.

Old Col. Fortescue was a hard man. He won his wife—a good, patient woman—to death upon his plantation. On her deathbed, when too late, his eyes were opened to the great wrong he had done, and he begged her forgiveness.

"It is easy enough for me to forgive," she gasped, "but my forgiveness will not save your coming punishment to be lessened. I feel that you are going to be punished on this earth." She turned her face away from him and died.

The second season of grief was not long. His son put on his best clothes and showed himself at his father's and other places of amusement. Soon there came into the neighborhood a graceful woman, Antonette Polworth. The colored man, her, and was charmed. He called on her. She received him kindly, and eventually they were married.

Six months of almost unbroken happiness flew away, but now the colored man sometimes wore an anxious expression. His wife was not so far as she had been, and the colored had discovered that the waving hair which he had so much admired was sometimes at night hung on the corner of the mantelpiece. He found, also, that he had been deceived in other ways, and the spirit of revenge arose in his injured breast.

"Antonette," the colored one day remarked, in a voice which had lost much of its wonted gentleness, "Caroline is ill to-day, and I want you to go out and weave yards for the negroes. I get a good price for the stuff, and I cannot afford to see the loom idle."

"Well, then, don't look at it," Antonette carelessly replied.

The colored man looked at his wife and sternly said: "Woman, I want no foolishness."

"Don't have it, then."

"I won't go out there and weave, or you'll feel the ungentle force of retributive authority."

Antonette laughed. The colored took hold of her nose and gave it a turn as though he would unsew it. Antonette put aside a stocking she had been darning, knocked the colored down with a lightning-like slap, put one foot under him, threw him nose the room, sat down, and resumed her peaceful occupation. After a while, the colored sat up and gazed at her in amazement.

"Antonette," he feebly said.

"What, dear?"

"You needn't weave."

"Thank you, dear."

"You have convinced me that a woman should have a few rights, but, say, how did you do it? Where did you acquire the facts which you have just embodied into such an unassailable argument?"

"Antonette," she replied, "pardon me for not seeing better of you. For many years I was the colored man's wife, and the long-jawed maiden in the circus. Don't get excited, dear. I shall not give you another exhibition until you attempt to get a divorce from me. Then I will take you up my teeth and shake you."

The colored went out, leaned on a horse-block and groaned. His last wife's prediction was verified.

What Is It?

In a peal of bells.

On a lady's hand,

In a fighting crowd,

On a staked land,

Neath a lady's ear,

In a shilling's sound,

In a wine's shout,

I am often found.

Herewith is presented a reproduction in fac-simile, though reduced in size considerably, of a check that is likely to become historical. The amount of this check is said to be twice as large as any sum ever paid to an author before. Macaulay having received £30,000 in one payment for his history of England.

The check is dated 1847, and is payable to the order of the Rev. John Macaulay, Esq., of the University of Cambridge. The check is signed by the Rev. John Macaulay, Esq., of the University of Cambridge.

THE CHECK REDUCED IN FAC-SIMILE.

The most remarkable point in regard to this check is that it is dated just one year after the date on which Gen. Grant signed his contract with the publishers. Within that year the book was almost wholly written, published and the great bulk of the money collected. The author in the meantime going through a lingering and painful illness and death. The production of the book has given employment to about 1,000 operatives besides the 9,000 canvassers who have been engaged in selling it, they having disposed of 325,000 copies of the first volume. Nor is the sale by any means ended. The second volume will be ready in April, when it is expected Mrs. Grant's share of 50 per cent. in the profits on the sale of the complete work will aggregate \$400,000. Who can say there is no money for American authors?

The First Labor Strike.

A paragraph recently printed in a New York newspaper said that the first labor strike in this country of which record is preserved occurred among the factory girls of Dover, N. H., in 1827. The girls paraded the town with a flag and a brass band, and the employers quickly yielded to their terms. In reply to this paragraph a correspondent of The Commercial Advertiser writes that the cordwainers' shoemakers of New York city went on strike in November, 1829. They were indicted for conspiracy to hamper, grade and extort money, and were arraigned before Mayor De Witt Clinton and Sessions Justices Mesnard and Carpenter, composing the "mayor's court." Mr. Sampson and Mr. Colton defended them, and on the other side were District Attorney Baker and Thomas Addis Emmet. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the strikers were fined \$1 each.

Brevities.

The first flowers of spring—Those which your wife sends for her Easter bonnet.—Evelyn Advance.

"Big Tom" Kelly, the father of the house, is, at times, almost disposed to be ashamed of his offspring.—Merchant Traveler.

When a man has to chuck his head and use a bow-horn to get his hat on it is time for him to think seriously of retreating.—Chicago Ledger.

Mr. Bowdler—I guess that's a cheap cigar you're smoking. Mr. Jones—Yes, I swore off using tobacco the first of the year.—How ton Courier.

How Architects Utilize "Blue Prints."

What are termed "blue prints" have now become indispensable to architects. With blue prints we can make 1,000 or 5,000 absolutely accurate copies of a drawing, where six years ago we would have to depend upon the skill and accuracy of a draughtsman in tracing. It was formerly the custom to trace a drawing on white cloth, a matter involving time, labor and care. Now we take a chemical solution which comes to us in bottles, dampen a piece of white paper with it, spread the drawing over the solution-dampened paper, cover both with a piece of plate glass, and place them where the sun falls on them.

The sun shining through the transparent drawing turns the chemicalized paper blue in all places, except where lines are drawn. Of course, as these lines are opaque, the sun does not reach the paper through them, and the paper retains its original color under every line, no matter how delicately drawn. Thus, when the sun has done its work, we have the drawing in white lines on blue background, the exact fac-simile of the drawing. It is one of the nearest improvements of the day in our business.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The Favorite Purpose of Brunswick.

One of the best known characters about Brunswick is a porpoise. For twenty years he has been seen there and now everybody knows him as "Cuttin'." This name has been given to him because his big dorsal fin has been cut half away in some combat with his rivals in the sea or by the attack of some human foe. But "Cuttin'" is now safe at least from the hand of man. He is a universal favorite, and enjoys the attentions which are lavished upon him. He is so tame that any fishing party that sails near Doboy can tap a few times on their boat with an oar and he will come up to join them. No matter where the boat goes, "Cuttin'" follows. He comes up within a few feet, and a thousand opportunities are given to fishermen to kill him, but no man's hand has ever raised against this remarkable fish. He is a powerful fellow, fully twelve feet long. He has been known when accompanying fishing parties to swim around and drive fish into their nets. No pilot on that coast is better known than "Cuttin'" and few are more highly esteemed.—Atlanta Constitution.

Senators and Their Understanding.

It is said that Senator Beck of Kentucky, has the largest foot in the senate. He wears a broad eleven, of calf. Senator Voorhees of Indiana can stand a No. 10, if broad at the toe, while Senator Thayer of South Carolina has the smallest foot, excepting Senator Mahone who wears a No. 3 of the finest kind.—Commercial Gazette.

Penny Dinners for the Poor.

Penny vegetarian dinners for poor children in London have the following menu: First course, vegetable soup and wholesome bread; at the second course, sweeten, slice of wholesome bread and treacle. The average attendance each day has been 100, and the children seem to find the food palatable.—Chicago Herald.

An Exhibit of Pharmaceutical Industries.

Geneva is thinking of getting up an international exhibition in 1897, one of the chief features of which is to be a complete exhibit of the chemical and pharmaceutical industries. A committee has been appointed, consisting mainly of German apothecaries established in Switzerland.—Chicago Herald.

BILL NYE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH HABIT.

Man's Seven Ages—Apologizing Through Life for Early Photographs.

No doubt the photograph habit, when once formed, is one of the most useful and productive of the most intense suffering in after years of any with which we are familiar. Some times it seems to me that my whole life has been one long, abject apology for photographs that I have shed abroad throughout a distracted country.

Man passes through seven distinct stages of being photographed, each one exceeding all previous efforts in that line.

First he is photographed as a prattling, bald-headed baby, absolutely destitute of eyes, but making up for this deficiency by a wealth of mouth that would make a negro minstrel olive green with envy. We often wonder what has given the average photog-



rapher that wild, hunted look about the eyes and that joyless sag about the knees. The chemicals and the indoor life alone have not done all this. It is the great nerve tension and mental strain used in trying to photograph a squirming and dark red child with white eyes in such a manner as to please its parents.

An old-fashioned dollar store album with a cerebral spinal meningitis, and filled with pictures of half-suffocated children in heavily-starched white dresses, is the first thing we seek on entering a home, and the last thing from which we reluctantly part.

The second stage on the downward road is the photograph of the boy with fresh-cropped hair, and in which the stiff and protuberant thumb takes a leading part.

Then follows the portrait of the lad, with strongly marked freckles and a look of hopeless melancholy. With the aid of a detective agency I have succeeded in running down and destroying several of these pictures, which were attributed to me.

Next comes the young man, 21 years of age, with his front hair plastered smoothly down over his forehead, throbbing dome of thought. He does not care so much about the expression on the model's features, so long as his left hand, with the new ring on it, shows distinctly, and the string of jingling, jangling charms on his watch chain, including the cute little basket cut out of a peach stone, stand out well in the foreground. If the young man would stop for a moment to think that some day he may become eminent and ashamed of himself, he would hesitate about doing this. Soon after, he has a tintype taken, in which a young lady sits in the alleged grass, while he stands behind her, with his hand lightly touching her shoulder, as though he might be feeling of the thrilling circumference of a huge saw. He carries this picture in his pocket for months, and looks at it whenever he may be unobserved.

Then, all at once, he discovers that the young lady's hair is not done up that way any more, and that her hat doesn't seem to fit her. He then, in a flash of moment, has another tintype made, in which another young woman, with a more recent hat and later coiffure, is discovered holding his hat in her lap. This thing continues till one day he comes into the studio with his wife, and tries to see how many children can be photographed on one negative by holding one on each knee and using the older ones as a back ground.

The last stage in his eventful career, the old gentleman allows himself to be photographed. Sadly the thought comes back to you in after years, when his grave is green in the quiet valley, and the worn and weary hands that have toiled for you are forever at rest; how patiently he submitted while his daughter pinned the clean, stiff, agonizing white collar about his neck, and brushed the little flakes of "dander" from the velvet collar of his best coat; how he toiled up the long, dark, lonesome stairs, not with the egoism of a half century ago, but with the light of anticipated rest at last in his eye, obediently as he would go to the dingy law office to have his will drawn, he meekly leaves the outlines of his kind old face for those he loved and for whom he has so long labored.

It is a picture at which the thoughtless may smile, but it is full of pathos, and eloquent for those who knew him best. His attitude is stiff and his coat hunches up in the back, but his kind old heart asserts itself through the gentle eyes, and when he has gone away at last we do not criticize the picture any more, but beyond the old coat that hunches up in the back, and that lashed him so long, we read the history of a noble life.

Silently the old finger marked album, lying so unostentatiously on the gouty center table, points out the mile stones from infancy to age, and back of the mistakes of a struggling photographer is portrayed the laughter and the tears, the joy and the grief, the dimples and the gray hairs of one man's lifetime.—Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.

Well Supplied with Duck Meat. One of the workmen in the bluestone quarries on the Lackawanna river keeps his family well supplied with duck meat. He sets ordinary steel rat traps baited with fish, whenever he finds an open shallow spot in the ice-bound river. The ducks go there to swim and hunt for food, see the fish under the water, dive for it, and get caught by the head, and a series of duck tails sticking out of the water mark the spots where they died.—Chicago Herald.

A Criticism of Jenny Lind. Mr. B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) writing to The Boston Gazette his reminiscences of the late J. H. Paine, miser and musical critic, recalls that the latter set the town aghast on the occasion of Jenny Lind's debut here by audaciously declaring that the illustrious singer had "flatted" some of her notes, in which criticism he was proved to be correct.—Exchange.

ROSE & CO.

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,

Rosser Av., Brandon,

(NEXT DOOR TO IMPERIAL BANK).

**MACHINE OILS,
COD OIL,
NEATSFOOT OIL.
OUR LAVANDER WATER,
FURNITURE POLISH,
MARKING INK,
ESSENCE OF RENNETT,
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
ARE UNEQUALLED.**

Smith & Shirriff,
DEALERS IN
Farm Implements.

The Renowned Minneapolis Cord Binder, 6½ foot cut, and the North American Cord Binder.

The far-famed McCormick mower, manufactured in Chicago, the J. P. Manney mower and Meadow Lark mower, Tiger hay rakes, plows, wagons and buckboards.

The Cornell portable steam engine, 14 horse power, straw burner, Wide Awake separator, steam and horse power, Stevens, Turner & Burns' portable steam engine, straw burner, J. I. Case separator, steam and horse power. Acme pulverising harrow, also a full stock of binding twine on hand.

The easy running Household sewing machine, made in Providence, Rhode Island, U.S. We keep a full stock of repairs on hand for above goods at

COCHRANE M'FG. CO'S.

OLD STAND,

2TH ST., NEXT TO WILSON & CARRICK'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.

FARMERS!

Don't be misled by agents of other firms trying to make you believe we have no repairs for these goods, they are all made by manufacturing companies and if it pays them to sell machinery, it pays them to furnish repairs. We will guarantee repairs for the goods in hand.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Merchants Throughout the Country.

The time will soon come when the farmers will be asking for Machine Oil.

McCOLL'S LARDINE,

Pronounced on all sides to be the BEST OIL going for Mowing and Threshing Machines. It does not gum, and wears fully as well as Castor or Sweet Oil, and is only about one half the price. Give our traveller an order, or send for sample lot.

McCOLL BROS. & CO.,

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

CALL

AT THE

MAIL OFFICE

BOOKSTORE

FOR SPECIAL BARGAINS.

REMEMBER

THE STOCK IS BEING DISPOSED OF

-AT-

Hard Time Prices.

Experiment with a Pair of Lizards.
A St. Louis doctor is credited with having made the first successful experiment in the world of the lizards, by sewing the stumps of the limbs of a pair of lizards together. The object of the experiment was to see if it would be possible to make a pair of lizards, one of which would be a male and the other a female, and one of which would be a weak and bloodless specimen, and the other a strong and healthy specimen. The experiment was successful, and the two lizards were found to be perfectly healthy and strong.

The Will of Commander Hayward.
The will of Commander Hayward, United States Army, who died recently in Egypt, has been proved. It was found that he had left a large sum of money to be used for the benefit of the poor in Egypt. The will was proved by the Egyptian authorities, and the money is now being distributed to the poor.

The Strong Old German Emperor.
The German Emperor, who is now in his 70th year, is still very strong and healthy. He is able to ride and hunt, and to take long walks. He is also very fond of his subjects, and is always ready to listen to their suggestions.

The Diving Hope of the Future.
The diving hope of the future is likely to be a woman. It is believed that a woman will be the first to dive to the bottom of the sea, and to bring up the treasure that lies there. This hope is based on the fact that women are more courageous and more determined than men.

There is more elk, deer, and mountain sheep in the Yellowstone national park, than there has been for several years past.

A breakfast for Norwegian food.
The breakfast for Norwegian food is a very simple and healthy one. It consists of a bowl of porridge, a slice of bread, and a glass of milk.

The first time the first time.
The first time the first time is a very important time. It is the time when the first time is made, and the first time is made.

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In Order to Get the Spirit.
Judge Tourgeau says that he read over several hundred of actual letters which a school girl had written in order to get the spirit in which a young girl wrote home, so that he might fairly compose a girl's letter that was to take its place in one of his novels.—Baltimore Herald.

A Stimulus for the Mind.
Galusha A. Brown says he can always think best at a theatre, or on Broadway. Nothing stimulates his mind more than a walk on that thoroughfare.

The people of this country paid last year more than \$2,000,000 for imported precious stones.

EXPERIMENTS IN EYE-PLANTING.

Several Operations Which Were Not Successful—A Rabbit's Eye.

In May, 1885, Dr. Chubbert made the attempt to transplant a living rabbit's eye to the eye-socket of a person. A girl of 17 years of age had a grape swelling upon her eye which made its removal necessary. As soon as the eye was taken out the doctor instantly removed the rabbit's eye, leaving around the corner the narrow edge of the ligature. Washing it in an antiseptic solution, he then placed it in the eye-socket of the patient, sewing the ligature to that of the patient's eye with a few stitches. The eye appeared to live for a while, but the liquid flowed out, and the operation was not a success. The shell, however, remained in its place, and looks like the remains of the human eye.

Soon after Terrier, Rohmer, and finally Bradford, of Boston, made similar experiments. Terrier first operated upon a strong, healthy man, whose eye had been hurt by an accident. Instead of removing the eye, the doctor kept it there, but in spite of this precaution the experiment failed. The patient of Rohmer was a woman 46 years old. Instead of a rabbit's eye, this surgeon took a dog's eye for his experiment. The result was less successful than that of the others, but the shell of the eye remained living several days, when, becoming inflamed, it was removed, leaving the other eye might suffer from its presence.

Mr. Bradford, of all the experimenters, seems to have met with the most success. He operated upon the eye of a sailor, who for years had been troubled with an incurable eye-disease. Increasing the number of stitches in joining the ligatures, he also succeeded in uniting the optic nerves of the man's eye, and the rabbit's, finishing with a bandage over the eye, which was not removed until the lapse of seven days. At the end of this time the eye seemed pretty firm in its socket, but the corner appeared opaque. Eighteen days after the corner became transparent, the eye solid, and its movements natural. The operation was a perfect success except in one important particular.

As will be seen, eye transplanting has not reached the certainty of surgical success, as when the eye is restored the restoration of the eyesight is out of the question, the operation merely replacing a lost eye with an animal's eye.

The operations fall far below the expectations the enthusiasts had attached to them, so that the time when we can change the color of our eyes as we can change the color of our hair or the form of our teeth has not yet arrived. However, it may come, as the inventive spirit of man is traveling upon various roads just at the present time.—Foreign Letter.

"Let Us Live by the Way."

I have attended some pretty big banquets at Lord Mayor Cotton's time—banquets that, to do them bare justice, required quite two hours and a half to get through them deliberately. But I think the longest men I ever met was that of the "Moderator" society, of New York. The motto on the card is "As we journey through life let us live by the way"—in moderation; and then follow fourteen articles, under the head of "Appetizers." "Course No. 1 was small champagne, upon which six wines danced attendance. Then followed liqueur, watermelon, with six varieties of sherry; then followed whitebait, Chablis, followed by six Rhine wines, with Johannisberg proudly at their head. This was succeeded by French snails a la polette, with six brands of Bordeaux to wash it down.

Next came the "Hot Course," devoted to parrot, and six of the finest brands of Burgundy, such as Chambertin and White Hermitage of '64, to choose from. Then came the most of the French, joined in excellent condition. This gave way to lobster, chicken, and shrimp salads, then countless cheeses made their appearance—the Roqueforts and Camemberts—and the whole was topped off with bread, butter, and hot house grapes, chestnuts raw and cooked; and, as a finale, coffee with liqueurs to select from. Between these courses, there was music, and all this for a price of \$1.00.—Howard Paul in American Register.

English as She Should Be Sung.

Why not sing songs in English, and also sing them in better English? It is a shame that, with an average wealth of English poetry, so many composers prefer to put forth imitations of German, Italian, and so many young students prefer to make have in the Teutonic or Italian language, rather than sing sensibly in their own mother tongue. When these students deconstruct to warble in the vernacular they disguise the language so that it can not be understood. They have been told that English is a hard language to sing in, and therefore they mouth and distort words under the mistaken impression they are rendering it easier.

The fact is, the English requires a little more study to deliver fluently than Italian; but, with practice upon the closed vowels "er" and "e," and "ing" terminations the difficulties vanish and song pronunciation is attained. And this is not nearly so difficult as for the German singer to attain a good pronunciation of his gutturals or for the French vocalist to overcome the nasal tendencies of his language. Singers, give your own language a fair chance.—Musical World.

Cultivation of Plants in Rooms.

The Willamette Thread company some time since accidentally illustrated the influence of plants on the atmosphere. The nature of the operation of this company demanded a reasonable and constant humidity of the atmosphere in their shops. To obtain this they had employed two men and a spraying machine, but Col. Barrows, desiring to increase the comfort and pleasure of his operatives, commenced the cultivation of plants around the factory and placed many in the rooms, employing one gardener to take care of them. The atmosphere was at once changed in character; the spraying machine was no longer needed, one man's wages were saved, and the operatives were surrounded by beautiful flowers and their lives made more pleasant.—Chicago Herald.

A Big Herd of Holstein Cattle.

FOREIGN MINISTERS.

WASHINGTON LETTER ON THE DIPLOMATIC GENTLEMEN.

Very Important in Society, but Not Having Much to Do Otherwise—The Spanish Author and the Beau from Denmark.

(Special Correspondent.)

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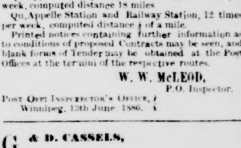
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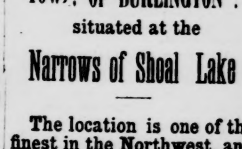
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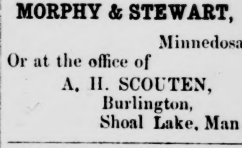
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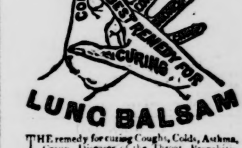
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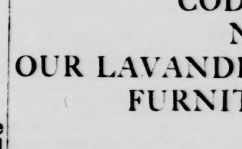
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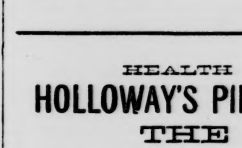
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